The Suitor

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The Suitor

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Young Prince Will, having turned twenty on his last birthday and deep into his first fertile heat, bends the law in order to choose a suitor.

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Harem.

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Harem.

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

“What’s going on here!” King William roared the words as he stormed towards his omegan son’s quarters.

“Sire,” Chilton winced as he tried to step between his majesty and the door, without trying to seem obstructive. The two guards posted at the doors looked uncomfortable but held their ground, did their duty. Which was to not allow the prince to be disturbed no matter by what or who.

“You sanctioned this,” Chilton held up his hands in placation, “and according to the law, the prince must be allowed to--”

“I didn’t sanction THIS!” The King’s finger pointed violently at the closed door as they all tried to ignore the sounds within, loud enough that they resonated through the thick wood.

“Of course, Sire, and of course I wouldn’t dream of contradicting you, but…” Chilton was nervous as he waved over the Prince’s aide who had come from his room on hearing the commotion. Jimmy nodded and quickly ran off, returning seconds later with a large codex, available so quickly as this situation had been anticipated.

Jimmy flipped the huge tome to the correct page and then turned it to face the king, holding it like a book stand as Chilton pointed out the relevant law.

“You agreed that he could invoke article 6 of the Harem Act,” Chilton said as he pointed to the exact clause.

“I did, but… they are all in there! I can hear them!” King William shouted, his lip curling into a snarl. “I said he could take one of his harem as his mate if they got him pregnant during his first fertile heat, as the law allows.”

It was clear to them all that the King had not expected any of them to get him pregnant, and he especially hadn’t expected the young prince to take them all at once.

“They are ALL in there!” The King reiterated and Chilton winced.

“Yes, whilst it was anticipated that Prince William would do as tradition has it with these things, and take one alpha a night until one got him with child, he did have me look into this and, unfortunately Sire, that is just tradition.” Chilton hated to admit that he derived some perverse satisfaction from being able to dictate to the King, but the law was the law and as Chancellor, it had to ensure that was upheld even if the King did not like it.

“What are you talking about?!” King William took a step forward, an imposing alpha whose stature made clear that his son had gained his lithe beauty from his mother’s side.

“Here,” Chilton pointed once more at the clause, though he did not expect the King to actually read it. “It is not written into law that the prince should take one alpha at a time, merely that the first to get him pregnant will be bestowed the rights of the prince’s suitor and future prince consort. It is… open to interpretation.”

“But if he takes them all at once…” The King protested.

“Then there will be no way to determine which of them fathers a child on him,” Chilton agreed.

The King smirked, as though he had the correct answer, “Then none of them will be the suitor even if he does fall pregnant.”

Chilton winced, for effect more than anything, and then shook his head, “Unfortunately Sire, that is not the law. I have read this clause over and over and compared it with other codex that were superseded. If the identity of the father cannot be established, then the prince can choose whomever of them he wishes to be the father. Um… with… with no numerical limit.”

“You are saying… What are you saying? You mean that should he not know which of them fathered the child he could take any of them to be his consort?”

Another wince, this one comically exaggerated, “No, Sire. I’m saying that if he knows not which is the father, he can take them *all* as his consort.”

The King looked at him incredulously and then let out a bellow of a laugh.

“No, there is no such thing. That has never been done before in this history of this kingdom.”

“That it has never been done doesn’t alter the fact that, legally, your son could take his entire harem for his consorts and establish a royal harem in place of a marriage,” Chilton advised as Jimmy began to shift from foot to foot under the weight of the tome.

“I will not allow such a thing--” The King started towards the door and without hesitation, the Prince’s Guard barred the way with their halberds.

“Sire, it is the law, and not even the King is above the law,” Chilton tried not to show his satisfaction.

“How… How did this happen? How did…”

“I have told you many times, Your Majesty, that your son is much more intelligent and shrewd, dare I say even manipulative, than you give credit. You may have wished for an alpha, but omegas should never be underestimated. He is a quick study and knows the laws of this land as well as any privately educated alpha his age, all with no formal tutor. This was his wish, and so he has found a way to make it happen.”

As if to drive home the point, a particularly loud cry of ecstasy resounded through the door, causing the King to take a step back, recoiling.

“When he is done,” King William snarled, “Send him to me, I wish to speak with my son about his behaviour.”

“Of course, Sire,” Chilton gave a shallow bow, “I should advise though. If he does fall pregnant during this heat, and the father is not known, *and* he takes his entire harem as suitors, then they will have the rights theregiven.”

“Meaning?” King William snapped.

“That as suitor and future consort, they will be able to accompany the prince anywhere, and so when you wish to speak with your son, he may well be accompanied by three very large, very loyal alphas.”

“Are you threatening me, Chancellor?”

Chilton took a step back, hand to his chest and expression of abject horror at the suggestion, “Your Majesty, I am loyal to you always. It is merely my duty to inform you of this unfolding situation.”

The King growled, low and long as he looked from Chilton to Jimmy, to the guards at the door, and back again. With a snarl he turned on his heel, cloak billowing behind him as he stormed back down the hallway.

Jimmy let out a snort of laughter and Chilton grinned in return, righting his face back to impassive as he signalled for Jimmy to remove himself and the codex back to his room.

The guards were still smirking as everyone else left the hallway.

*

Young Prince Will, having turned twenty on his last birthday, was deep into his first fertile heat, being taken care of by the three alphas he had personally selected for his harem since he had come of age.

So deep into pleasure was he, that he remained completely unaware of his father's visit or of the words that were shared with two of his greatest allies - his own aide, and the kingdom's chancellor.

"Yes, there, there… Hannnn…" Will's words trailed off, eyes rolling to the back of his head as Hannibal pinned him to the bed and fucked into him hard and deep.

Hannibal had been the first.

An alpha nobleman from a disenfranchised state, they had met at a state dinner, and in truth Hannibal could have wooed him and tried to convince his father of the match, asking for Will's hand. But they both knew King Will would not allow it. Will was a bargaining chip, and he had planned to trade him in marriage to a kingdom with some might. Hannibal's wealth and position, defunct as it was, meant nothing.

And so he had instead humbled himself. Hannibal had renounced his pointless title, impoverished himself and indentured himself to the kingdom, allowing him to be freely taken by Will as a concubine.

Hannibal truly saw Will's intelligence and cunning from the moment they met. He saw what a waste he would be as a subjugated prize for another kingdom. He saw how underestimated he was by the King, simply for being an omega.

It had been Hannibal who suggested forming a harem, filled with handpicked alphas who he knew were scheming, manipulative, capable of murder but would all be completely loyal to Will.

"My turn," Nigel growled as he tugged at Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal thrust one more time, hard with a growl of his own, then he pulled out, leaving Will empty and wanting.

He whined as Nigel moved forward, feeling the dip in the large bed as they played their own special game of musical chairs. Then Nigel slid slowly into him, filling him inch by inch. The breath left Will's lungs the deeper Nigel went.

Will trembled, loving the way Nigel fucked him with a tender sort of roughness, like he was always holding back so he wouldn't hurt Will. It made Will whimper. The bed dipped again and Hannibal was at his side, stroking a hand slowly through his hair as he watched the coupling.

Nigel had been second.

He had been hard to find. He was Hannibal's younger brother and when their home state fell, he had been taken in by family in another kingdom. It had taken several months of investigation, letters and finally a messenger delivering a letter sealed with the Lecter family seal to bring Nigel to them.

The attraction had been instant once Nigel found his way to servitude and to Will's presence.

He was a criminal mastermind and had been making a good living from his crimes, until he sold himself into Will's service. Leaving it all to become Will's concubine.

"Nigel," Will whimpered before his mouth was covered by the alphas' and he kissed him deeply and passionately. Hannibal was the only one who kissed Will outside of sex, it was the way they had established, that he was first in Will's heart. So when fucking, Nigel's kisses made up for all the kisses he could not have the rest of the time.

He cradled Will's body to him as he drove deeper and deeper, rutting into him until his knot was kissing at Will's wet slit.

"Nigel," a distant voice warned in a deep rumble, as they all sensed how close the alpha was to knotting him.

The kiss broke and Will, fuck-drunk, looked across to where Duncan stood against the wall, watching.

Duncan had been the third and final alpha, having joined them only six months ago.

He was older than the other two, a cousin they had not seen in many years. Whilst he purported to be a grave digger, he was in fact a skilled assassin. Years in that line of work had taken its toll and he had considered retirement. When word had reached him from Hannibal, he could not argue with that retirement being at the sexual whims of a young omega.

Will reached out a hand towards him and Duncan walked over, dropping his robe as he went. He was already hard and Will's mouth watered at the sight of his thick cock.

Nigel stilled, breathing heavily in the crook of Will's neck as he tried to calm himself.

"Steady, Nigel," Hannibal spoke calmly, reminding him, "He is fertile and we have a plan."

Nigel nodded, taking a breath before slowly drawing out and making room for Duncan to take his place.

Nigel flopped down on the bed beside Will, placing his hand on Will's flat belly before then trailing his fingers down to Will's little omegan cock straining upwards. He stroked over it, squeezing it before continuing to Will's wet pussy and sliding his fingers in where his cock had just been.

Will keened at the touch, losing himself to it all the more when Hannibal leaned down and kissed him, his own hand on Will's belly. Losing focus all the more as Duncan slid into him alongside Nigel's fingers.

"Oh god," Will loved taking Duncan, the thickest of the three of them, and Nigel's fingers stretched him all the more.

"Nearly, darling," Hannibal spoke against his ear as he moved his own hand downwards and slowly pressed two digits in alongside Duncan's cock and Nigel's fingers until Will was

arching off the bed.

“We know you can do this, Will,” Nigel added, kissing Will’s neck.

Duncan merely grunted, losing himself to his own pleasure and he set a pace somewhere between the slowness of Nigel and the urgency of Hannibal. It was the perfect rhythm for Nigel and Hannibal to be able to slide first two and then three fingers each inside Will.

Will writhed as they began to flex their fingers, scissoring him around Duncan’s cock.

“We’re going to fill you up, Will,” Hannibal muttered, his words dripping with lust. “We’re going to pour our seed into you and get you with child.”

Will whimpered again, *needing* them all so very much.

He knew that in time, some might come to think that Will was manipulated by these alphas. That they told him how to use a long forgotten but lawful tradition, in order to take power with him. Though they might be more puzzled by the fact that he had used an even more obscure loophole to ensure they were all to be his legal mate. But anyone who looked closer would see the truth: that as soon as Will came to understand that the King was planning on giving Will to another kingdom and seating his cousin Cal as his heir, he began plotting against his father. And the night he met Hannibal, he knew he’d met his match in more ways than one.

They would see a strong omega and one day, a benevolent king, surrounded by his husband-guards, three alphas who would die to protect him.

“I can smell how fertile you are,” Nigel murmured against his ear as Will went completely lax, pliant under their ministrations.

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed, “it’s time.”

Duncan huffed his agreement but didn’t change his pace as Nigel and Hannibal withdrew their fingers. He didn’t still himself until Hannibal lay back against the overstuffed pillows and Duncan lifted Will off his cock and up onto Hannibal’s waist. Will moaned as he sank down onto Hannibal’s cock, so stretched that he took his knot with no effort and Hannibal had to lift him back up a little even as he moaned his regret. Hannibal parted Will’s legs so that he lay open to the other alphas.

Nigel was the first to move forward, eager and taking Will’s mouth again until Will was reclining back against Hannibal’s chest and Nigel was pressing in alongside the other alpha.

“Nigel,” Will groaned into the alpha’s mouth, his arms wrapping around him.

“Nearly there, darling,” Hannibal winced out the words, gritting his teeth as Nigel went deeper, tightening Will around them both. It was going to be a tight fit but all three of them had to be inside Will when he conceived.

Duncan prowled up the bed towards them, his one good eye drinking in the sight as he approached. Will was spread wide on two alpha cocks, so wet that he was dripping, leaking

his own slick and copious precome from his alphas.

Even with how wet he was, Duncan knew the omega would be tight and the thought made him throb.

He grunted as he moved next to Nigel, squeezing the alpha's shoulder so he knew it was time. After a moment's hesitation, Nigel pulled back, causing Will to cry out softly as he moved slightly to the side. He took hold of one of Will's legs and pushed it up and out, spreading him as Duncan took the other and did the same until he was able to move in close enough to slide inside the omega.

Will groaned and gasped, whined and writhed. He babbled inaudible words as the three of them began to pump inside him, all so close now and closer with every squeeze of Will's tightness around them.

After long minutes one word became audible, "Knot, knot…" the heated omega begged.

"Shh," Hannibal soothed, "No my Prince, not this time. We have the rest of our lives to knot you."

Will understood, deep down. He knew this was part of the plan. There was no way he could fit three knots, and if only one knotted him, he would be the presumed father. They all would need to knot their fists and spill inside him to ensure their plan worked.

All the same, Will craved it, he needed it so much that his muscles kept clenching, seeking purchase around a knot as the three alphas groaned and struggled to thrust into the constricting hole.

"I'm close," Duncan grunted, one large hand falling onto Will's belly, spreading where one of their seed would take.

Nigel grunted, doubling his own efforts whilst Hannibal worked his hips, thrusting up from beneath the omega. The three of them slid alongside each other, creating a friction unlike they'd ever experienced. And whilst they didn't have any particular inclination towards incest, they couldn't deny the pleasure.

Regardless of how this had started, the reasons and motivations, they really all did love Will in their own ways. Deeply, passionately and without measure.

"So good," Duncan muttered, words a low rumble of deep pleasure.

"Fuck, love you, love you," Nigel began to mutter as his balls drew up and he placed his hand with Duncan's feeling the three of them moving deep into the omega's belly, under their palms.

"Darling, Will, perfect omega," Hannibal nuzzled the side of Will's neck as one of his hands slid to join the other's on Will's belly, and his other went between Will's legs. He took Will in hand and began to stroke and squeeze his little cock until--

Will cried out as he came, spilling omegan come all over his belly and the alpha's hands as he jolted, convulsed. All three alpha's cried out as he clenched so tightly around them that it was almost painful. Hannibal's hand went from Will's cock to his own, reaching beneath the pile of them until he could take hold of his knot.

He squeezed it tightly, as the other alpha's followed suit, all with one hand on Will's belly and the other on their knots as they squeezed hard and spilled.

Each emptied themselves deep inside the omega with a groan, spilling over and over for minutes until they could feel the swell beneath their hands.

They were still all coming, squeezing their knots to encourage every last drop, when Will's scent changed.

His natural omegan sweetness mellowed, became earthy.

As each alpha caught the scent they groaned and released all the more, aroused by the knowledge that they had impregnated their mate. All three of them, with no way to know which of them was truly the father. But it would never matter.

They would raise the child together, they would rule together, and all three of them would serve Will loyally once he came to the throne.

And, Will thought as he came down from his own climax and the haze of his heat began to clear, his own hands on his belly with the three alpha's: maybe he would take the throne sooner rather than later. After all, he had three strong suitors ready to fulfil his every desire.

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